

A TERRIBLE by Vach MISTAKE

In issue one of The Fantasy World of Cruella, we introduced Supreme Guard Aphrodite, one of the States most powerful Ladies. She is in control of the State Prison System, a career that she thrives on as it satisfies her lusts for pure sadistic pleasures. On occasion, she likes to select new recruits for her elite squad.....



Supreme Guard Aphrodite watched from her window whilst fifteen men were being whipped by fifteen young ladies in the exercise yard. She studied the techniques of the trainee Whippers closely, always on the lookout for new talent. Some girls were too eager with their bullwhips, always aiming straight for the genitals and destroying their victims' capacity for pain. Others were too gentle: it seemed as if they thought that men were like eggs - easily breakable. They drizzled light lashes onto battle-hardened shoulders, avoiding contact with nipples and cocks.

"Pathetic," snarled Aphrodite under her breath. "Call yourself women?"

One girl stood out from the crowd. An auburn-haired bundle of energy in a black PVC dress. Sometimes her well-aimed whip would wrap itself her victim's head, sometimes under his armpits or on the soles of his feet. She returned her attention to his genitals every minute or so, letting the whip snake up at them from between his buttocks. After doing this she would move around him and fondle his cock, gently, as though she were masturbating him, pouting her lips and smiling suggestively in his face. Then she would kneel his genitals and start again with the whip.

Aphrodite approved.

She left the window and made her way down to the yard.

She went across to the talented trainee and touched her on the shoulder. The girl turned and Aphrodite could see by the look on her face that she was unhappy at being interrupted. The look changed instantly when she realised who Aphrodite was.

"What is your name, girl?" Asked the Supreme Guard.

"Nina," the young woman replied, with a slight Germanic tang to her voice.

"Stand aside from the others. What I have to say to them all does not apply to you."

"Yes Ma'am," the Girl replied. "May I finish this dog off first?"

"Not yet. There will be plenty of time later, and plenty of others for you to treat similarly."

"Oh THANK YOU, Ma'am. Thank you!"

The girl knew then that she had been accepted into the ranks of Prison Guards and this joy dispelled her frustration at leaving

the job half-finished. She went to one side of the yard and sat down on a wooden bench, lighting a cigarette before listening to Aphrodite's speech.

The Supreme guard ordered the 14 remaining trainees to stand to attention beside the males they had been punishing. She then walked along the line, inspecting each victim individually before addressing the Whipper.

"Look at this," she said to one, exasperated. "You've barely marked him. His cheeks are dry so you can't have been whipping him hard enough. You must make them cry, like this -" she grasped the man's cock and raked her long, red fingernails down its limp length. Tears sprang to the male's eyes and he screamed.

To another she said: "You've ruined him. You've broken his balls!"

The girl looked puzzled and said: "But I thought that was the point, Ma'am."

"Eventually, perhaps," snapped the Supreme Guard. "But first you have to make him beg for it. These are Category Three prisoners - you were told that before you started - rapists and masturbators the lot of 'em, in for life. Castration's too good for them at this stage in their existence."

Tears appeared in the young Girl's eyes as she realised that her lifetime's ambition was being thwarted: she would never now qualify as a Prison Guard. She hung her head.

Aphrodite had no pity. There was nothing to stop the girl spending her life buying cheap, unwanted slaves at auction and taking them home to destroy in privacy. A Prison Guard needed more discipline.

The inquisition went on for more than an hour as Supreme Guard Aphrodite interviewed each Girl in turn, shattering their dreams. Nina sat on the bench, smoking cigarettes, sympathising with the rejected Young Ladies. She knew how she would have felt had she also failed to make the grade.

At last the Girls were dismissed. Two Junior Guards arrived to unchain and escort the males back to their cells. Aphrodite ordered them to check that each prisoner had functioning balls. "If not," she said, "you know what to do with them." The Guards laughed in confirmation.

Nina arose from the bench as Aphrodite approached, stubbing out her cigarette and grinding it into the dust with the sole of her boots.

"Congratulations," said the Supreme Guard. "You've qualified as a Probationer. You will spend a year learning the ropes, then, if you make the grade, you'll become a Junior Guard."

"Thank you, Ma'am," replied the Girl, genuinely.

"Don't be so quick to thank me," cautioned Aphrodite. "It will be a year of hard work, I can promise you that. You know that you are required to be resident in the Prison, don't you?"

"Yes, Ma'am. I'm quite happy to stay up all night, every night, with a man to whip."

"Good. Come on, I'll show you to your quarters."

The room contained a single bed, layered with black silk sheets. Aphrodite pointed out the fixtures and fittings, including the three males who stood at attention by the wall. The first of them was a huge-cocked, naked breeder. "Room servants," said the Supreme Guard. "If the breeder is not to your liking you can pop down to the stores and have him replaced."

The other two males had their loins encased in metal corsets.

"Chastity belts?" queried Nina. "How do I get at their balls?"

"You don't. These are Category One's. Their owners expect them to be returned intact - I can't afford to trust them to an untrained Probationer. The harnesses are as much to protect their genitals as they are to keep them under control... Here, you'll need this."

The Supreme Guard handed over a key ring holding a single key. "It unlocks their belts for the performance of necessary bodily functions," she explained. "You'll need to do it once a day, and be sure to lock them away again afterwards."

"Just one key for both of them?"

"Yes. You'll find that it works on any chastised prisoner."

Aphrodite directed one of the belted males to collect Nina's suitcase from reception, then bade farewell, saying: "You will be on duty from tomorrow morning. The roster is pinned up in the Guards' Dining Room, downstairs."

"The bathroom?" asked Nina. "I could do with a shower after this afternoon's pleasure."

"Along the corridor," answered Aphrodite. "Have fun." With that she left, closing the door behind her.

Nina ignored the males for the moment, slipping out of her PVC dress. She was naked beneath, so stood there in just her thigh-high boots. The despatched male





returned with her suitcase, but she made no attempt to open it.

She stood before the three males, her hands on her hips, and surveyed them.

The Breeder's cock hung limp, just six inches long. "Get it up," she ordered.

She watched the organ harden and within five seconds it had grown to a little more than ten inches. She laughed, caustically. "Call yourself a breeder! I doubt that you're going to do much for me with that pathetic little thing."

She moved over to him and clasped his cock in her hand. "Far too small," she reiterated. "Get it down at once."

The thing in her hand refused to comply. "Come on," she snapped. "I told you to get it down."

The Breeder whimpered, the touch of the beautiful naked teenager destroying his

years of training. "I... I can't," he admitted.

Nina emitted an exasperated sigh. "Very well then, lets see how good it is..."

She turned away from him, and bent over the bed, presenting herself for entry. "Come on, Boy," she demanded. "Put it inside me."

The breeder obeyed, inserting his erection into her waiting sex. His training now totally deserted him, causing him to ejaculate after less than ten minutes.

"Huh!" said Nina, standing up and turning to face him. "I think your best days are long gone. I shall put in a recommendation for your castration."

The man's head sank and tears appeared in his eyes.

Nina now diverted her attention to the two corseted males. She knelt before the first of them and attempted to insert a finger into the gusset of his metal belt. The device was

fitted so tightly that she could not even force a fingernail inside. She smiled approval, then noticed a long series of digits branded into his belly, just above the waist of his harness.

"What's this?" She demanded, running a finger along the scorched skin.

"My number, Miss," the male responded.

Nina scratched her head, puzzled. "But surely it should be inscribed onto the underside of your cock," she announced.

The male winced. "It is, Miss," he confirmed. "But since I have to wear this corset the number has also been applied to my navel."

Nina nodded, seeing the sense. The numbering system was a useful one. A male convicted and temporarily imprisoned for a low grade offence was marked so that if he ever re-offended he could be identified as a hardened criminal and treated accordingly.

The second serving male was similarly attired and marked.

Nina readied herself for a shower, sitting on the bed and ordering the two servers to remove her long boots. They dallied over the task so she rewarded them with a beating when she was naked, striping their faces and chests with a riding crop.

She demanded a bathrobe. One of the servers opened a wardrobe and produced a short, black silk kimono. She stood still whilst the males dressed her in the garment, noticing in the full length mirror that the hem line ended in the vicinity of her clitoris. That was useful: she could rub the silk against herself with one hand whilst wielding the riding crop with the other. She confirmed her theory by again assaulting her servants whilst masturbating. Her orgasm eased their pain.

She padded barefoot into the corridor and made her way towards the bathroom.

The bathroom was huge. A changing-room boasted wide, upholstered benches on which to sit, and hooks and hangers on which to deposit clothing. A pair of tall, beautiful Junior Guards were making love on one of the benches, thighs wrapped around each others' heads. Nina watched for a few moments, wondering how long it would take for her to make friends with her new colleagues.

An open doorway lead to a tiled area beyond, from where the loud gush of running water could be heard. Nina hung up her kimono and went through.

The room was long and narrow, with twenty powerful jet sprays fitted to the ceiling. On the wall adjacent to each spray was a temperature control, all of which were set to 'Freezing'. Chained to the floor beneath each spray was a naked prisoner, spread-eagled, positioned so that the vertical jet of water splattered directly down onto his genitalia.

Nina decided to use the shower at the furthest end of the room. The floor tiles were wet and slippery so she skipped from one

crotch to the next, giggling as the icy water tickled her breasts, adjusting each control to 'Boiling' as she went, leaping out from the stream just in time to prevent herself from being scorched.

She reached the final unit and adjusted the setting to medium. She stood beneath the jet for a few moments, luxuriating in the delicious flow, establishing a firm footing on the manhood at her feet.

Suddenly she realised that she had forgotten to bring any soap or shampoo. She cursed and stamped her feet.

To make matters worse, she was trapped. The boiling streams of water that she had configured were impassable: a fact evidenced by the screams of the males in their paths. She could not even reach around the flow to readjust the control because of the water rebounding everywhere from the targeted crotches.

She remembered the two Guards making love in the changing room and started to shout for help. This was futile: she could never hope to make herself heard above the cumulative howls of male agony.

She felt very foolish.

She sat down on the face of the nearest male on the floor.

Yet another original Story from Vach. Only this time, the poor Lady starring in it seems to have gotten herself into quite a dilemma. Nina needs to get out of her predicament in an equally original manner if she is to remain one of the selected few. Only you, the reader, can save her, if you wish to do so. Until we receive an original follow-up to this story, then Nina is stuck where she is. And, as an added incentive for you, Pharaoh have, as you know, offered films for stories, both for those published and for those that we hold on file for future publication.



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The BMW pulled up outside Victoria's country cottage. The two ladies emerged, a brunette in an outfit of leather, and a blonde in shiny PVC.

As they walked across the lawn, they noticed Victoria walking back and forth across two servants. Occasionally she stopped to give a vicious back-kick, stabbing her victims with the spurs attached to her riding boots.

Victoria noticed them approaching and paused to rest her boot on the hand of one servant, whilst crushing it into the back of the other.

"Hi Jacki, hi Gina," she smiled, greeting them. She stamped her boot down harder and continued: "I find that on a soft surface you can crunch bones more easily, as they have enough movement to bend. These two have been trying my patience. Rick here, the one with the 'crunchy' fingers cannot even count to eight, so what use are his fingers? I told him to prepare 8 horses for this evening's ride and he only did 7 - can you believe that?"

With a look of disgust, Gina raised her boot and drove the 6-inch stiletto heel into his other hand, producing a loud yell. Jacki kicked him in his ribs for making such a noise and Gina twisted her foot from side to side to force the heel in further.

Victoria smiled. "And as for this worthless scum, Andrew; he actually assaulted one of my guests. Earlier today, whilst simply putting out a cigarette, this imbecile caused Julia to lose balance and she fell off his chest. She wanted to take him away for 'correction' within the prison system, but as I only have five workers here today and have to prepare for tonight's riding fun, I couldn't spare him."

"Er...five" interrupted Jacki, "I'm terribly sorry, but you only have four now."

"I don't understand" Victoria queried. Gina smiled and tried to suppress her amusement. Jacki looked at her and they both burst out laughing.

Victoria looked puzzled.

"You see," began Jacki, "I accidentally crushed a man on your drive."

"Yes" interrupted Gina, "He was in the way, bit of a nuisance really!"

Victoria frowned. "He was supposed to be pulling the weeds from the drive. How could you possibly not notice him?"

"Oh we noticed him alright," replied Jacki, "It's just that he didn't move in time and I drove straight over him. Rather like those annoying slow pigeons that one hits from time to time."

"Except this time, there's more to clean up" laughed Gina.

Victoria couldn't help but laugh at this last remark. "Ah well" she said. "I do know what you mean. If they are too stupid to move, then that's their problem. I must admit to having hit a few in my time. Actually, sometimes I go out of my way to hit them. I believe that it sharpens ones' driving skills, and besides, I like things that go 'crunch' beneath my boots, whether they are insects or that even lower form of life - man!"

They all agreed that no real harm had been done, but were a bit disappointed to have to cancel the evenings' riding.

"He was the 'fox' for tonight" explained Victoria. "A very fast runner, I believe, so it would have been fun."

"What about these two here?" asked Jacki, kicking the servants hard, as if blaming them for the 'accident'.

"We'll see" said Victoria.





Jacki stamped down onto Andrew's hand and Gina sliced her cane across his chest. He gasped and Jacki noticed his tongue.

"Now that looks as though its been well attended to" she said. Raising her boot she pressed it down onto his mouth and ordered him to lick the mud off. Gina rested her boot between his legs, probing for the sensitive area. Andrew gasped in pain occasionally and so Jacki decided to move her boot to his groin area also

Gina made him bite onto the end of her cane so that she could balance herself whilst giving the servant such pleasure. Together, they twisted, pressed and jabbed their boots into his groin, until finally a ball became firmly crushed between the two six-inch stiletto heels. He squealed and poor Gina nearly lost her balance as he spat the cane out.

"Oh do shut up!" yelled Victoria, placing her riding boot onto his wailing mouth.

"Yes! Shut it!" added Jacki, slicing down at him with her riding crop. Then she held her crop high, and Gina did likewise with her cane.

"Are you going to be quiet?" she demanded.

Through blurry tear-filled eyes, Andrew could make out the three ladies towering above him, with their whips held high. Victoria's riding boot pressed firmly down on his mouth, squashing his nose, the scent from beneath it a sure clue to where she had been all morning. The odour from the riding stables was unmistakable as she twisted her boot sharply, causing him to swallow some muck from beneath.

Victoria noticed that the other servant was escaping their attention. He was nearly twenty feet away, but this didn't present her with a problem and she used her lunge-whip with deadly accuracy to catch the leather tip across his face, producing a much desired

yelp.

"Good shot!" Gina exclaimed.

"If we cannot ride on your beautiful horses this evening, why not enjoy some equestrian fun with these two?" suggested Jacki.

"Alright!" replied Victoria, "But first we will have to train them."

She ordered the two servants to their feet, and then walked towards the centre of the garden with her lunge-whip.

Andrew was selected and made to run in circles around her as she turned and followed him with her whip. With precise skill she cracked the whip sharply just inches behind the running servant.

"Raise those legs higher!" she commanded. "Faster!" she yelled.

The servant ran round and round, faster and faster, the whip cracking inches behind. Eventually he began to tire and stumble. This time the tip of the whip cracked viciously across his back, and then again, a

searing jolt of pain as the long whip slashed his flesh with full force. He yelped and tried to muster up every ounce of his remaining strength to continue. Victoria brought the whip far back, its snakey length following through, and at its optimum point she lashed it back towards her target. With superb precision the tip ripped into his back, a resounding crack as it tore into him. Andrew bellowed in pain, stumbled and fell down, writhing in pain and exhaustion.

Victoria smiled in satisfaction. Each of the three savage blows had struck the same area with full force, a testament to her mastery with the lunge-whip. She enjoyed the challenge of breaking the most stubborn of stallions and had become an expert with her favourite whip which had been especially made to deliver agony with accuracy.

Then she turned to face the other servant, a much thinner and weedier specimen. He wouldn't survive, she thought, as she glared





at the trembling youth.

"Here, you can have a go" she said, passing the whip to Jacki.

Rick was ordered to run around her. Jacki had never used a lunge-whip before, and was not nearly as deadly as Victoria. The whip cracked wildly as Rick ran around, striking him at random and sometimes missing him completely. Jacki didn't mind, though. It was good fun, especially when the whip hit him. Occasionally it would strike his buttocks, legs, back and even wrap itself around his face and neck as the tip bit home. Rick yelped as he ran, the leather tip seeming to come from almost everywhere, though mostly it missed him. None hit with the sheer force and accuracy as had Victoria's, and so eventually Rick collapsed in a heap from the sheer exhaustion of running.

Gina walked over and took the whip from her friend and began to slash it furiously into the panting wreck on the ground. After all, she didn't want to miss her turn and since there were no other servants in the immediate vicinity she decided to vent out her anger on him. She too found the long whip a bit tricky to handle, but was still satisfied when leather and flesh made contact. I'll cane him later, she thought; much easier!

The three ladies then decided to take some refreshments, now that stage one of the 'horse-training' had been completed, and so they left the two servants in the garden for an hour or so whilst they recovered.

When the ladies returned Andrew and Rick were ordered onto all fours. Victoria chose to sit on Rick as he had escaped her whip earlier. Gina sat on Andrew and flexed her cane. Not your usual riding whip, she mused, but my favourite all the same. She smiled, and cracked it hard across his rump as she urged him forwards.

Victoria raised her legs and could almost feel the weedy specimen beneath her buckle under the weight. What a privilege she thought, for this male to have the pleasure of my bottom pressing so intimately down on his bare back.

Then she brought her legs sharply backwards and drove her spurs into the muscle of his thighs. He almost collapsed there and then as she followed through with a flurry of vicious back-kicks that smashed her spurs into his legs. She was oblivious to the fact that this was just a mere man and not a 17hh stallion as she added to the flurry with several sharp wristy cuts from her riding crop across his rump.

Rick gasped in agony as he moved forwards. Victoria continued to spur him and crop him onwards in an attempt to beat Gina to the other side of the garden. There was no competition. Andrew was far stronger and easily moved faster, aided by a good few cuts from the cane. Gina looked back and thought that the spurs were a good idea and as she had none, she improvised by digging her heels into Andrew's legs. Funny thing was though, that it tended to slow him down, so she took great delight in using both heels and slashing him with her cane at the same time to encourage more speed.





en's pubes; but in private I love them. I tried to become a model myself once but I am a bit old now (34) although I am still slim and fairly pretty. I would love to appear in a magazine and have men wank over me, knowing that they could never truly have me. I usually only buy magazines to look at the pictures but Cruella is uniquely notable for its stimulating stories. I would love to get a job at the 'Research Institute' from issue 3, or the 'Red Room' in 4. Would you like me to write down some of my dreams of domination so that your staff can turn them into articles for the magazine?

One of my girlfriends is a History Lecturer and she took me a couple of months ago to the British Museum in London. There we saw a 2000 year-old Roman castration clamp with its handles carved with the images of sensuous, Lesbian Goddesses. It was so exciting to stare down at the thing that I had to touch myself through my jeans, there and then, imagining all the men that it had ruined. I wanted to smash open the glass case and steal it. My friend is hoping to be able to arrange a private examination for us next year, when we will be able to handle the toy together in a little room and play with ourselves properly.

I am quite well off. I wonder if anyone knows where it might be possible to purchase an antique clamp like the one at the museum. I don't intend using it of course, not until this country's stupid laws are changed, anyway. I just want to keep it under my pillow each night to see if I can hear the screams.

Caroline, Sheffield

Dear Victoria,

I have two slaves: one for sex and one for whipping. I like to have them both naked in my bedroom. Sex-slave has to watch whilst I develop my appetite on whipping-boy. I use a crop on his arse and thighs and then finish with a punch at his balls. Whipping-boy then has to watch whilst sex-slave services me in a position of my choosing. I usually like to sit on top of sex-slave and in this position I often see that whipping-boy has got himself a hard-on. I summon him to approach and punch his balls repeatedly whilst riding up and down on sex-slave's cock.

After I have finished with sex-slave, whipping-boy must clean me up with his tongue, after which he always has a hard-on so I have to punch his balls yet again.

I wish!

Whipping-boy is actually my husband; sex-slave is the student who lodges with us. The whole thing above is a fantasy. Whipping-boy buys your magazine and hides it where he thinks I can't find it. He's reading this now and getting nervous that his game is up.

Ha ha. Caught you.

Sylvie, Leeds

I'm not quite sure what Sylvie hopes to achieve by sending the above letter but I certainly wish her luck with the lodger, Victoria.

Dear Victoria,

'The Red Room' in issue four was brilliant. A great story and absolutely outstanding photography. I particularly like the picture of Karen, the guard, on page 26. She is laid back in a chair, lighting a cigarette, and her skimpy leather mini-skirt has risen slightly to give a hint of her pubes. It is not the picture itself that arouses me, but the implication for all the other pictures of her - it proves that she is not wearing knickers in any of them.

I love the pictures of yourself, of course, but the ones between pages 40 and 42 clearly reveal a pair of panties beneath your jodhpurs. I do not want to see pictures of naked women - I can buy millions of other magazines for that - What I do want to see is women who do not wear underwear.

In my own fantasy land, underwear does not exist. Women wear normal clothes - dresses, skirts, trousers, leather, whatever - but never bras or panties. We men have to wear thin, elastic ballet tights so that women can judge at a glance whether or not we have anything of interest to them.

If a woman sees a man who takes her fancy - a waiter in a restaurant, for instance - she will reach out and fondle his sex through the cloth, just to make sure that the stature of his erection matches that of his fleecid cock, then stand up, bend over the table, pull up her skirt (or drop her trousers) and demand his ministrations to her un-knickered sex. This



Locations Wanted

Do you know of a suitable location for future Cruella or Goddess photo-shoots? It could be anywhere that you think may fit into our fantasy world, from dungeon-like cellars to stately homes or riding stables. Please write to us at the usual address if you think that you can help.

is perfectly normal behaviour and nobody bats an eyelid. Men like myself with small genitals never have sex in my fantasy land because no woman is ever interested in us. The only way we can get pleasure is by following a mini-skirted woman up a flight of stairs and secretly glimpsing her Ladyhood. If a poorly endowed man is ever seen with an erection after such an escapade then he can expect a severe kicking from the woman in question. My fantasy land does not have a name but I go there each night when I get into bed and close my eyes. It is peopled by faceless men and famous women - movie stars, pop singers, models such as yourself - none of you wear knickers and all of you are unattainable to a small-pricked male like myself.

Do other readers have fantasy lands like mine, or am I strange?

Keith, Chester.

I don't think you're remotely strange, Keith: your fantasy world quite turns me on. I'll bet that the alternative Victoria who lives there has a really wonderful time. Hopefully other readers will respond and tell us of their fantasies.
Victoria.

Dear Cruella,

In number three of 'The Fantasy World of Cruella' you printed a letter from H.Q. of Hants in which he/she complained about your use of horses in some photo-stories. You have not shown a single horse since. Please do not think that H.Q. speaks for all your readers because I happen to think that mounted Dominas are very erotic. The Goddess Magazine featured a wonderful young mounted vixen in issue one - a girl in a red leotard - and I defy anyone to look at her without becoming aroused. My favourite picture of all time is on page 57 of Cruella number 2. The girl atop her stallion is so very, very evil, commanding us to kneel so that she can stand on our backs whilst she dismounts, then beats us with her lethal crop. Please print more pictures like this one.

PJ, Wearside.

We try to cater to a wide audience and you can certainly expect more photographs of 'Mounted Dominas' in the near future. Victoria.

Dear Cruella,

My slave and I often act out scenes from the stories in your magazine. We have been private fans of female domination for fifteen years and the originality of your writers has boosted a flagging relationship.

I am particularly interested in male chastity belts and would like to see them featured in photo-stories. I have a collection of more than twenty devices - see the enclosed photographs - which I would be happy to lend you for free if you were interested. My slave would be even happier if you borrowed them all because it would mean that I could not make him wear one when he goes to work.

Shelley, Guildford.

Thanks for the photos, Shel. You certainly know how to keep men down! Victoria.

Dear Cruella,

I write to you as a humble young male virgin who has realised early on in his miserable life the superiority of females. After reading issue 3 of Cruella I realised how much I needed to find a mistress to train me so that I can fulfil my role in life.

I particularly enjoyed reading "Lady Jenna's Equestrian Memoirs". This underlined to me my true insignificance, fit only to lick a woman's boots. I found the pictures of the slaves licking Jenna's boots very arousing.

"The Playroom" was another excellent feature. I felt every stroke of the beautiful Lady Cassandra's whip. Talk about the agony and the ecstasy.

I have always fantasised about being humiliated by several Mistresses at once and I was absolutely riveted by the story and pictures of "Ashtray".



Besides the usual slavery things I would be a willing steed for pulling chariots in races. I would love to experience being naked prey for a posse of hunting Mistresses. I would also like to be trained as a pugilist slave to wrestle with other mistresses' slaves for the Ladies' entertainment. I would suggest that one of the mistresses could act as a referee encouraging reluctant slaves with her whip. The losing

slave would have to be punished, of course.

I appeal to any young Mistress who would like to take on the challenge of breaking in a fit 23 year old novice slave in or near Birmingham to summon me for inspection.

JL, Birmingham.

Well, JL, and all other slaves interested - he a

'model' for the day in one of our photo-shoots or a Pharaoh video shoot. Victoria

Dear Victoria,

The photos in the story 'The Red Room' are quite excellent, especially the one in which the Domina is lighting-up. If she had been wearing seamed stockings as well then I would have come in my slave-pouch [It's not tight enough then, is it - Vic].

Can I suggest more black seamed stockings in the pictures - it finishes the image off perfectly.

The letters by Juan Quhre and Slave Cigar-butt cover much that I am craving for. Consider this: Two Dominas, one is black-haired, the other blonde. They are dressed identically, all in black: basques with wide belts, short, very tight PVC mini-skirts, seamed stockings, suspenders and boots with 7-inch heels. Slowly they walk up to the slave covering on the floor, pick him up so that he is standing in their presence, and say: "You will light our cigarettes and watch us smoke them, then we will take great pleasure in destroying you."

About 'Queening': this would not be a punishment for a slave - more like a treat. Let's have some please.

By the way, did you receive my "Cruella Anthem" tape? I was just fooling around.

DS, Hamilton.

Yes, DS, I got your tape. I thought it was very good, too - the lyrics were particularly invigorating. Victoria.

Dear Lady Jenna,

My slave recently brought me some copies of your Cruella titles and I am amazed and delighted to see such professionally produced, genuine Fem-Dom magazines. I already knew that the magazines existed, but without being able to examine them. I assumed that they were the usual weak rubbish, i.e. yet more collections of bored models on yet another job, this time happening to be posing in Leather/PVC and holding a whip, but tomorrow doing something quite different. But your girls really look the part, and when they hold whips they obviously know how to use them. My only complaint is that some of your girls are shown smoking. It is a disgusting habit and cheapens those who do it but your letters show that I am in a minority here and I can quite believe that a lit cigarette is an amusing toy when a slave cannot protect his most sensitive places.

I enjoyed reading the letters pages, especially the references to genital punishments and torments. My only puzzle is about castration fantasies, why chop off those bits of the slave that can be the source of greatest amusement?

Perhaps you would like to know a little of my own experiences? I am 23 and, being a slim, 5ft. 4 inch, blue-eyed blonde, with, I am told, a rather angelic face, I do not seem to fit men's preconceptions of a Dominatrix. Still, they learn.

I have built up a collection of bondage gear and toys and have used contact magazines to indulge my fantasies. It is amazing the attitudes one meets. Men claim they are submissive and yet produce detailed scripts for exactly what is to be done to them as if I am some kind of servant! If I were paid as an actress in a fantasy, as professional Ladies often are, then maybe it would be different, but I expect men to be submissive to my ideas, not theirs. When they are to be punished, many expect to set limits and imagine that only their buttocks will be the target, when there are much more effective and satisfying places to punish a man. However I do not personally kick men in their balls. It's a great idea in fantasy, but in practice, for both ethical and legal reasons, it's not worth the medical risk. In any case, I much prefer drawing out punishment sessions. Repeated, hard impacts of a spanking paddle on testicles prolong the experience for the slave and the fun for me.

I now have one regular slave. He is a 43 year old executive and despite his yells and unheeded pleas



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for mercy, he somehow manages to take what I dish out, both back and front. Once a session has started, he has little choice I suppose, but after all he does come back. Of course, one consideration is that I had him pose for a number of extremely graphic Polaroid photographs, now kept in a safe place, though he doesn't know if I would ever use them. Just now, though, he is in favour of bringing me the Cruella magazines. Perhaps I should go easier on him next time? No, on reflection I think he deserves some really special treatment for not discovering Cruella earlier. Josie, Edinburgh.

Dear Victoria,

I have just read Cruella 4 and must congratulate you on an excellent issue. The sensuality of the Dominas and the quality of the photography were outstanding.

The letters pages also made wonderful reading. The letter from 'Juan Quhre' was particularly splendid - surely this could form the basis of an article in Cruella or Goddess.

With the advent of your magazines there is at last a group of publications which satisfy the requirements of we devotees of the smoking Domina. Although previous publications have occasionally satisfied this fetish they have ultimately disappointed. Not so Cruella - please keep it up.

Although my wife is not a regular smoker she

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occasionally uses me to satisfy herself while she enjoys remaining detached by smoking a cigarette as I perform for her. She will dress in stockings and stilettos and wear her make-up, red lipstick and nail-varnish before laying back on the bed. After lighting a cigarette she will order me to kneel down in front of her and use my mouth to please her as she relaxes and sedately smokes. Sometimes she may require me to lie on the floor so that she can sit astride my face and enjoy her cigarette as I use my tongue to please her in any way I can from this position.

If I have pleased her sufficiently she may permit me to ejaculate. She will remain laying on the bed and signal for me to enter her. Then I will position myself and, when she permits, commence my efforts while she continues to smoke her cigarette, exhaling smoke into my face as she does so. If I am prone on the floor then she may wish to put her hand, still holding the cigarette, to work on me until I climax. This she then uses to extinguish her cigarette.

PT, Newcastle.

Dear Victoria,

Following our graduation my friend Myra and I are just concluding a month's tour of the British Isles and thoroughly enjoyable it has been.

Myra and I are into Feminine Domination and have taken the opportunity while in your lovely country to obtain quite a lot of leather clothing and PVC items.

During our stay here we have had occasion to chastise a waiter at a hotel we stayed at.

Myra had several pairs of her stockings stolen and lost a few pairs of panties too. We were practically certain that our floor waiter was the culprit.

To confirm our suspicions we laid a trap for him and when he came to our room when we had summoned room-service we had left several stockings on the divan, when he had left the room with our trays we saw that two of the stockings were missing.

That evening when our waiter was off duty we saw him in the bar and Myra bought him a drink and invited him to our room. I left them at the bar and went to our suite to prepare a reception for him.

When Myra led him into the room I was waiting for him with a looped rope. He never knew what hit him and between us it was easy to tie him hand and foot and push him to the floor. His cries Myra stifled with by placing her stockinged foot over his whining mouth. I proceeded to give him a sound thrashing with a riding crop that we had purchased earlier on our tour.

Searching him we found the black stockings he had taken earlier and with some scissors I cut them to shreds and stuffed them into his mouth. I ordered him to chew and swallow them with the threat of another whipping if he refused. Obediently he complied.

We have obtained copies of your wonderful magazines Cruella and Goddess and a British friend has promised to forward further issues to us as they appear. We congratulate you on a first class publication.

Rachael & Myra, New Jersey.



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"Dying devotion, surely!" cut in Vixen. Julia smiled and nodded in agreement.

Andrew sucked the sole and felt the heel as it pushed down harder. With all the agony that he was suffering, he almost wished that she would end it all. But he knew that would never happen; Julia was far too sadistic to grant such an easy way out for him. Her pleasures thrived on the intensity and longevity of the pain that she administered. All he could hope for was that his owner, Victoria, would come in and send him off to perform his garden tasks. Not that she was any less cruel, far from it. If Victoria required that a man should suffer for her own amusement it was usually all over for him in a short time, whereas Julia didn't allow such a gracious release from life; a result of her prison guard training.

"Let's see what he's got, shall we," ges-

tured Vixen as she leant forwards and pulled his pouch down to reveal the limp penis. "There!" she announced, "That's what he's got...Nothing!"

Julia laughed agreement. "Nothing worth speaking of." She reached forward and took hold of his worm-like appendage, looked back down into his eyes, and demanded: "Apologise!"

"L.. I'm sorry, Miss Julia," he stuttered.

"For what?"

"Er... I'm not sure, Miss."

Julia twiddled his penis, meaningfully, and demanded: "What's this?"

Vixen simultaneously grabbed his balls, adding: "And these?"

"My... Privates?" He suggested.

The two amazed Ladies looked at each other and laughed. Their faces were very close together, above his crotch, so they

stretched out their necks a little further and kissed. Their lips together, their tongues exploring the softness of each other's mouth, they squeezed their fingers, digging their sharp nails into the slave's useless 'privates'.

"This," Julia said to the slave, tugging on his penis, "should be erect."

His incomprehensible reply suggested astonishment. The slave was not a breeder so it was unlikely that he had ever heard a woman say that his cock should be erect... That sort of thing was likely to get him most severely punished. Vixen felt similarly puzzled and expressed herself with: "Why... Why should he be erect?"

"Because his face is so close to perfection...ourselves!" Julia pointed out. "The lack of erection is very, very insulting. It is almost as if he doesn't find us attractive."



"The ignorant pig," snapped Vixen, crushing his balls between the palms of her hands. Her sharp fingernails dug in and Andrew began to feel nauseous as the pain spread throughout his body. She covered it back over with the pouch and said "It is too disgusting to look at for much longer".

"I agree" replied Julia, re-seating herself back on the bench. Vixen joined her and they decided that a lesson of respect for their beauty from the wayward prick was in order.

Vixen tapped the tip of her switch onto the offending genitalia, raised it high, and then slashed it down. Upon contact, Andrew jerked and screamed as the tip ripped into his manhood.

"Yes!" she yelled, "Got it in one!"

"Well done" said Julia, "but perhaps it's a bigger target than his tongue?" They looked at each other and shook their heads....."Naaaaa!" they laughed together.

"My turn" said Julia. "Move him around so that I can get a good shot. I want to smash the left one into oblivion. Mind you, such a tiny target, the size of a pea, may prove very difficult indeed!" More laughter as Vixen stood up and kicked him into position beneath Julia.

Julia decided to use Vixen's riding switch to be fair, and so they exchanged whips. She raised it as far back as she could and brought it whistling down, full force, slicing into the tortured genitals. It was impossible to see where the tip of the switch had struck with such ferocity, but the slave's jerking motion, coupled with his wails satisfied the two Ladies that it had been a good shot.

"Stay still, you weakling!" yelled Vixen as she leaned forwards, slashing at the target with her crop. Julia joined in and they flayed the area with abandon, striking both the genitals and the inner thighs. Andrew was jerking around uncontrollably and even attempted to shield himself with his hands.

Julia stamped down into his groin, the heel gouging in and striking the bone beneath the soft and tender flesh.

"Be still and keep your arms down!" she commanded, and began to grind her heel down, twisting her foot from side to side. Vixen added a final blow to the target and then sat back on the bench with her friend.

Whilst he lay writhing in agony below them, the two beautiful Ladies began to kiss and fondle each other, fingers probing and exploring each other's sex. For Julia, the agonies and suffering of the male species is the most powerful aphrodisiac available. Vixen agreed.

A little while later, Vixen stood up and took hold of Andrew by the hair and forced him up to his knees in front of Julia. She pressed his face into Julia's







A SLAVES T O R M E N T

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However, not all new recruits to the State Prison System have fallen foul to their own mis-deeds.....

In issue 4 of The Fantasy World of Cruella, we introduced Julia, a new recruit to the high level prison security system. A personal favourite of Supreme Guard Aphrodite, Julia is determined to create such an aura of fear and absolute terror throughout the prisons that Aphrodite already revels in.

For her first week-end leave Julia paid a visit to one of Victoria's country cottages with her friend Vixen.....





Julia stood over his head and contemplated pinning his ears to the ground with her stilettos, as Vixen was doing to his wrist.

Julia lowered her free hand down between her legs and ran the index finger along the length of her leather gusset. The leather material was so narrow down there that it didn't really keep anything hidden. Her labia was quite swollen, having made love with Vixen half an hour earlier so the tiny strip sat comfortably between the lips. A marvellous view for any wretched slave.

She bent her knees so that he could get a closer look, watching his cock growing as her sex lowered towards his face. Then he was erect, his manhood peeking out from

the containment of his pouch. So she lashed it, bringing the crop down with a sharp stroke into his tender, useless parts.

He screamed so she did it again, listening to the crack of leather on leather as the tip of her whip bit along the length of his little pouch. Vixen giggled.

"Up, dog!" Julia commanded. "On your knees and polish Mistress Vixen's pants with your tongue."

Vixen leant over the table, allowing the slave to tongue her. He started at her ankles, working his way up, getting his tongue into every crease of the plastic while Julia used her riding crop to encourage him.

As he polished higher and higher up beyond her knees, towards her thighs, Julia

made sure that his legs were well parted so that she could access his balls with the pointed toes of her stiletto-heeled boots.

"I can't feel anything," Vixen complained when he began to polish between her thighs.

"Harder, dog!" Julia shrieked, grabbing his hair and forcing his face into Vixen's PVC sex, pressing her crop into his balls.

"That's better," Vixen confirmed. "I can feel his tongue on my sex now. I hope he hasn't dared to get an erection."

Julia reached between the slave's legs and felt his cock. It was slightly hard so she gave it a good twist and dug her sharp red nails into the sensitive skin to teach him a lesson. He screamed and Vixen giggled.



slashed out with deadly accuracy. The solid binding of the tab at the tip of the crop - the hardest part of the riding whip - made severe contact with the outstretched tongue. He squealed in sheer agony and Vixen laughed loudly, quite amazed at the whips accuracy and cruelty as it splattered the tongue.

"That should make the cleaning of our footwear a little more interesting," mocked Julia.

Vixen leapt from the table and grabbed hold of his hair and yanked him up to his knees, so anxious that he should carry on with the boot-licking before the pain in his tongue should subside. As she rammed his head forwards, Julia kicked out her boot savagely, not concerned in the slightest where her lethal spiked heel would strike. It made vicious contact, gouging into the side of his face, the heel striking his cheekbone very smartly, before scraping along the softness of his cheek and crashing into his teeth; aided by Vixen who slammed his head sideways into it.

In terrible pain, he managed to regain his posture, and gently take hold of Julia's boot, licking and sucking away the dirt beneath her sole. Julia sneered and held her crop, poised and ready to strike in an

They sat down and summoned the slave as a footstool, resting their legs across his back. Vixen grabbed hold of his hair and twisted it violently as Julia took a swing at his backside with her crop.

"You should be able to control that pathetic penis of yours" she yelled, tugging at his hair and then delivering a well aimed blow from her stick. He yelped in pain as the thin riding whip sliced across his delicate ear.

Then he was ordered to roll over onto his back. Vixen rested the sole of her shoe on his soft genitals and pressed down.

Julia jabbed a heel into his mouth and commanded, "Clean!" At the same time, Vixen twisted her foot down harder as if she was attempting to crush a slug.

Andrew gasped as the pain began to sear through his belly. Julia raised her boot up slightly so that Andrew had to stretch out his tongue to keep contact with the stiletto heel. Suddenly she



instant, with no particular motive required - except pure sadistic pleasure, and the power to do so.

Vixen kept a firm grasp on his hair, guiding his head slowly along each boot, providing his shoulders with regular reminders from her whip. His tongue traversed her legs with considerable and annoying efficiency. His little moustache served to polish and dry the spittle that he applied. She had to be very alert when he reached the tops of

the boots because, whilst she wanted the rims cleaning, she was not prepared to have him drooling onto her bare flesh.

Vixen was alert to the possibility and Julia instructed: "Be ready, Darling. If he moistens my flesh then I shall require that his balls be kicked, swiftly and hard."

He trembled a little as he approached the top with his tongue. That severe whip stroke applied to it had made it absolute agony to lick the leather and he prayed that

it would not stray onto bare flesh. After completing both boots he was ordered onto his back once more.

Both young ladies rested their feet on his chest, revelling in their power over the insect beneath. Vixen smiled and placed the end of her long riding switch across his lips. Sharply, she ran it back and forth, producing a hiss of pain from between his chafed lips.

"Tongue out!" she commanded, "I would







like to see if I can hit it too."

In terror, the tongue was extended. Vixen raised her switch and brought it down sharply, missing the tongue and slicing across the top of his nose.

"You moved! You despicable piece of shit!" she yelled. "How dare you!" With that, she delivered a savage flurry of blows across the same area until she was satisfied that his tongue must have been hit at least once. Julia laughed; inwardly proud of her superior accuracy, but equally as pleased with the cruelty bestowed upon the worthless maggot that squirmed beneath her boots.

"Excellent!" she exclaimed, smiling at Vixen and placed the sole of her boot onto his sore mouth. She twisted it and said "Lick the sole until it shines."

Andrew began to lick, each motion of his tongue bringing untold agony. Presently, Julia became a little tired with the boot-licker and trod down onto his face. With her full weight pressing down on it she raised herself over him to sit down on the bench behind. Was that a cracking sensation I felt - a nose perhaps? - she mused to herself. Never mind, it is my own comfort that I should consider, not his. Vixen also stepped onto him, twisting her foot around on his chest as she swivelled around, before gently seating herself next to Julia. She rested one foot onto the knee that was guided into place by a few taps from her switch.

Julia rested one boot onto his face and then placed the heel of the other into his throat.

"I could end your miserable existence in an instant," she gloated, "so continue to demonstrate your undying devotion."



